

## Our Living and Our Dead.

NEWBERN, N. C., AUGUST 5, 1874.

### A WOMAN'S CHOICE.

"I wish I knew what to do!" Kate Warfield, sitting on a knoll in the cool, shadowy orchard, on a warm and pleasant summer afternoon, gave utterance to the wish.

She was in a quandary. She had two lovers, and she wondered which it was best to choose.

John Rainford was young, and had a life full of promise, and great possibilities before him. But he was poor. Kate Warfield knew that he loved her as a strong man can love, but could she, used to the luxuries of life, give up that which seemed necessary to her comfort, and marry a poor man?

Philip Leith was old and rich. And he, in this letter which she had just been reading, made her an offer of his heart—supposing such an organ to be in existence—and hand. He could give her the things she longed for, the glitter and show she coveted.

She heard some whistling down the road, and looking down that way saw John coming. Something seemed to tell her that she must decide between her lovers now, and in a swift way she looked the matter over. On one side wealth and fashion, and all that heart could wish for in the gratification of its selfish, worldly enjoyments. On the other hand, an humble life, and struggles to climb to that position where wealth could place her at once.

But then? Did she—could she love Philip Leith, a man old enough to be her father? Would his wealth make up for what her life would have if love was in it? As she asked herself that question she felt a twinge which told her that, after all, she cared for John Rainford as she had never cared for any other man, and for a moment she wondered if life with him would not be preferable to life with Philip Leith and all his wealth.

But the glitter of gold blinded her, and she shut her eyes to the purer vision which passed before them for a moment, and in that resolute crushing down of the better impulses of her nature, John Rainford's answer to her wooing was made, before he asked for it.

He came up the orchard path, and sat down upon the knoll beside her. He had learned, in the summer gone by, to love this woman as he thought he could never love another one. She was all that was pure and true and womanly in woman to him.

"I have had a letter from the city," she said, "I am going back next week."

"So soon," he said slowly, and looking thoughtfully off to the blue hills. She knew well enough what he was thinking about.

"Yes; I have lingered here two long already. This summer has been a very pleasant one to me. One of the pleasantest summers of my life, I think."

"Can you guess what it has been to me?" he asked suddenly. "I have learned a lesson in it that I have never tried to learn before. I have learned to love—to love you!"

His earnest eyes were on her face. His words were full of passionate strength and tenderness. Beneath his gaze, she felt how unworthy she was of such a love as he gave her.

"I am sorry," she said, slowly. "Why?" he asked.

"Because this letter is from the man I am to marry."

He answered not a word, but his eyes were on her face in a strange, half-doubting gaze. Could these words of hers be true? Could it be that the woman he had thought to love, true and womanly, and who had let him go on learning to love her, knowing all the while that he was drifting, was the promised wife of another? How he had been deceived in his estimate of her. I think the shock which John Rainford's faith in woman's truth received was, at that moment, full as strong as that which her answer gave the love he held for her. To him she was the ideal woman; the type of womanhood, and, proving her untrue, he doubted all, because he had been so cruelly deceived in her.

She saw the lines of pain about his mouth.

"I am sorry," she began.

But he stopped her.

"Don't," he said. "Leave the matter as it is. It is better so. No words of yours are needed to soften the blow. I shall get over it, in time, I think, without them."

"If I had known," she said, but again he interrupted her.

"I am going now. I hope you will be happy and never regret what you have done, but some day I think you will see what a pitiful amusement it is to win a man's love, just for the mere sake of winning it. Good bye."

And John Rainford was gone.

Eight years passed, bringing strange changes with them.

Kate Warfield in the years gone by since that summer afternoon when she had made her choice between the man who loved her, had become a widow.

In all these years she had not forgotten John Rainford—she had tried to do so. Her husband had been kind to her. He had lavished his wealth upon her. But she could not love him. She had been a true and faithful wife to him, that is, if a woman can be that without love, but all the while a memory lurked in her heart of a summer time that had been strangely sweet and pleasant because of the love that had come to her in it.

Eight years had also brought changes to John Rainford. He had become a successful man. People began to point him out as one of the most promising men in the political world.

One night there was a party at one of the Senators' homes in Washington. The beauty and talent of the season were there. The scene was like one from enchantment. Lights shone on gay, bright faces full of the glad excitement of youth and life, and on old and sober faces, for whom the novelty and freshness of such gatherings had worn off. Jewels flashed and sparkled, and lent an added brilliancy to the scene. The air was full of strange and sweet perfumes. The soft and mellow music from an unseen band made the air vibrate with exquisite melody.

Kate Leith, in a dress of some rich fabric, that set off the beauty of her face to perfection, looked out upon the scene with a hope stirring in her heart that was very sweet and tender. The man who had loved her in the years gone by was there. She was free now, and she knew that she loved him. If in all these years, he had not forgotten her!

And then the woman's heart stirred with a feeling that was inexplicably tender. Her life had lacked something that gold

could not purchase. It was love that she had needed to make her life what the life of every woman ought to be.

A swift color flashed into her cheeks. He was coming toward her, with a sweet faced woman leaning on his arm.

He saw her, and came forward with outstretched hand.

"I am happy to meet with you once more," he said. Her eyes drooped under his gaze, and a soft, happy light came and went in them. She gave him her hand with an eagerness that told how glad she was to see him.

"Allow me to present my wife, Lois, this is an old friend of mine, Mrs. Leith." Every trace of color faded from the woman's face. But she gave his wife her hand in a smiling welcome, and murmured a few words of congratulation, while her heart was covering up a sweet hope that had met a swift and sudden death. So true it is that smiles can hide an aching heart!

### STATE NEWS.

Ground has been broken for building the proposed cotton factory at Wilmington.

Oxford is now blessed with sewing machine men, and yet her people are not happy.

Father Evans, of the Milton Chronicle, charges Brigham Young, with carrying "love powders."

The Charlotte Democrat thinks Congress ought to abolish the postal card nuisance, since they are used for the circulation of slander.

Rev. Dr. Hepburn has accepted the Professorship of Latin and French at Davidson College, to which position he was recently elected.

There are more than one hundred visitors at the Catawba White Sulphur Springs this season. Dr. Elliott is proving himself an exceedingly clever host.

The Asheville section has quite a number of visitors this season. There is no more pleasant section on the globe for summering than in the Asheville country. The News should except Beaufort.

The Oxford Torch-Light says: We learn from a gentleman who has traveled considerably through the country, and who is a close observer, that about one-fourth of a crop of tobacco will be made this year. He says what is standing may turn out well, there's no telling.

### MISCELLANEOUS.

A California dairyman makes 150,000 pounds of butter annually.

Cincinnati is suffering under an affliction of powder five cent pieces.

Who is the laziest man? The furniture dealer—he keeps chairs and lounges about all the time.

A fastidious clergyman in Boston describes the place of final torment as the place of "eternal uneasiness."

Refusal on the part of a Louisville husband to push the baby wagon on Sundays is to be made ground for a divorce.

"Young girls," says a cynic, "who want to remember anything, write it down and paste it on the looking glass."

Perfume out of Place.—Q. Why do ritualistic clergymen burn incense in church? A. To lead people by the nose.

A curious feature of the Fourth of July in New York was the irruption of a number of tramps from the country roads, who fired the up-town streets and went begging from door to door.

A few days ago a little girl near Lincoln, Nebraska, sat down among the grass in a field where her brother was mowing, and he not noticing her decapitated her head with his scythe.

A Mississippi pilot saw the comet the other night and immediately cried: "I've got 'em; snakes I've had 'em before, but now the stars have tails on 'em; I'm a dead man."

Among the latest additions to Chicago's population are an Italian Count and Countess, the latter turning the crank of an organ, and the former handling the proceeds with any grace.

London complains that heavy vans are now built so that when the wheels are against the curb stone the upper works invade the sidewalk and damage the pedestrian on his own ground.

Recently the House of Commons adjourned very late at night till "to-morrow," and an O'Gorman said, looking at the clock: "Mr. Speaker, I don't know whether it is to-morrow or yesterday, but I want to know at what hour the house will meet."

The Washington Chronicle says that a remnant of Mr. Lincoln, at Springfield, were viewed a few days since, the spectators saying that the body is as natural apparently as the day it was laid in the State House, with the exception that the upper lip is a little swollen.

A conductor on the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, named Lemess, caught his foot in a rail at Benwood, West Virginia, on Saturday, and before he could extricate himself an approaching train ran over him.

The Carolina Central Railway has already spent \$500,000 in this State since May, 1873, and is now going it at the rate of \$40,000 a month.

Mrs. Tilton, who is so prominent a feature in the Beecher scandal, is the mother of four children: Florence, aged 16; Alice, aged 14; Carroll, aged 12; and Frankie, aged 8; and are said to be very handsome and intelligent.

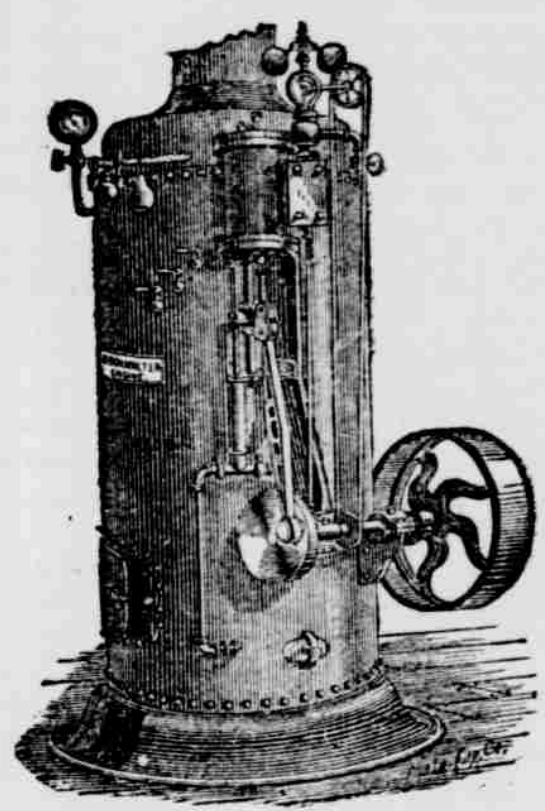
A writer on woman says "it were better for woman if love were less to her," and then he went home and his wife kept him awake half the night jawing.—[Milwaukee Sentinel.]

"I want to be an angel, and with th angels dwell," sang Mrs. Smith. "So mote it be," said John, taking a cherry from his mouth; and then "there was hurrying in hot haste."

A precious boy of eight summers attributed the death of a pet gold fish, his sister's idol to the fact that it couldn't take a joke. He used to catch it occasionally with a bent pin.

The report that Mrs. Abby Sage Richardson intends to marry a Chicagoan in September is now denounced as untrue. The person who started it ought to be forced to marry one.—[C. Union Journal.]

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